

Literature, &c.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

JAMES Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon afterwards settled near Staton in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 7th October, 1782. The surrounding wood; the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air. Morgan had seated himself at the door of his cabin, and with his infant on his knees. His young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife just before he had taken his seat at the door. It was a correspondence in which they acknowledged an earnest and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenances of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of his parents' feelings by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, 'Indians!'

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realised by a bold and spirited attack from a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and the time was precious.

Morgan, cool, brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose and seized the infant, but was afraid its cries would betray the place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed the child to her agitated bosom, and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon his cheek looked up in his mother's face, threw his little arms around her neck and wept aloud.

'In the name of heaven, Eliza, release the child or we will be lost,' said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, and ran up the ladder that led to his chamber, drawing it after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then throwing off some clapboards from the cabin's roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As one approached he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow but missed. The blow, however, cut the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy; both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were bitter and deeper, and the savages soon fell to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took off his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in plundering and drinking, were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he waited till he came within a few yards of him, when he fired and brought him down. In a short time he reached the house of a brother, who resided near Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the canbrake, he beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground.

'My wife!' he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand upon his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation around him, and advancing a few paces, he fell exhausted to the ground.

Morning came, the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of 'Eliza' on the ground, and with his hand resting on his favorite dog that lay by his side, looking first on the ruins and then on his master with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search and found some bones burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered and silently consigned to the mother earth beneath the wide spread branches of the venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a battle at the Lover's Blue Lick. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites returned across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill descended. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from the saddle he received a rifle ball in the thigh and fell. An Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair and applied his scalping knife.

At this moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body and increased activity to his fury. He quickly drew his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band having taken all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of death, rendered doubly so by the hoarse growl of the bear, the howl of the wolf, and the shrill and varied notes of the wildcat and panthers feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward in the apathy of despair to his own fate.

A large, ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approaching him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commending himself to heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him; Morgan raised his head—and was about to offer thanks for his unexpected preservation when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes, and steps approaching; a cold chill ran over him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was about to be extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over. The cold sweat ran down his face—his hands were violently forced away from his features—the moon passed from under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him; his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who in a scarce audible voice exclaimed:

'My husband! my husband!' and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house, they found some liquor, and drank freely; an altercation took place—one of them received a mortal stab, and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed the place of her concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The party after setting fire to the house proceeded to Bryant's Station. On the day of the battle of Blue Licks, a horse with a saddle and bridle rushed by, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action, the prisoners who had been left unguarded made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes, under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, she left for the battle ground with some others, who had escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and if on the field and living, to save them if possible from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant and their home.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOX-HUNTING.

'That is a noble sight you have yet to see, Miss Grey,' said the curate; 'of course you have never witnessed an English fox hunt.—I quite envy you the first impression, you will be so delighted.'

'Don't calculate on Miss Grey being delighted with anything that delights other people, my dear Reverendissimo,' said Charles. 'With all due respect, Millicent, I may be allowed to mention, that your tastes and ideas are slightly peculiar. I have no doubt, if you would favor us now with your views on fox hunting, you would prove to us that we had been laboring under some great mistake respecting it.'

'You really make me feel,' said Millicent, laughing, 'as if I had some mental peculiarity, which deserves a less gentle name; but what can I do? I come to England, and I look straight at everything, and I see what it is, and then, if you ask me I must tell you. One can't help distinguishing between black and white; if it is black I must say so.'

'Exactly; but that is just the thing. All our innocent customs seem to you so very black,' replied Charles. 'Pray tell us now,

however, what you think of hunting. Where is our error? Perhaps it is not a fox we run after at all.'

'Very true,' said Millicent, composedly, 'it is not for the fox, it is his tail; and that is just what surprises me—to think of ever so many intellectual men, all very learned, having had classical educations and the highest grade of instruction, giving themselves so much trouble and expense, and putting themselves into a violent heat, all for the sake of the simple tail of a fox.'

'But we don't call it the tail,' said Charles, 'it is the brush.'

'You can call it what you like, but it is the tail all the time, you know; neither the fox nor anybody else can deny that; and I must say, few things astonish me more than the extraordinary love you all seem to have for it. You keep up horses and hounds at an enormous expense; you have a whole establishment for the purpose, and actually a sort of uniform, as if you were going to conquer an army instead of gaining only a wretched little tail. You long for the hunting season all the year round, and then when the happy time does come, you all assemble together, ever so many full grown men, in the pride of your intellect and strength, and you ride off at the risk of your lives, all struggling who is to gain the precious piece of goods, and all hating the man who gets it, when he rides back in triumph with his tail.'

'Millicent you are really too absurd,' said Charles, 'it is not the brush or the tail, as you will persist in calling it, that is the object of our hunting—we only take it as a proof that we came in at the death. It is the excitement and amusement of the chase that we like.'

'The amusement of seeing a fox die, of watching it straining and panting, with its poor heart bursting, as they say it does sometimes, in the effort—flying in the torture of pursuit, with the open-mouthed dog at its heels, making the most incredible exertions to escape, and then sinking exhausted and quivering, to feel the teeth of the hounds in its throat. No, I would rather think it was the love of the tail, than believe that men of mind and feeling should make their pleasure in the death agonies of a poor helpless animal.'

'But, Millicent you do use such extraordinary terms. It is not the actual pleasure of seeing the fox die, though they do a great deal of mischief and must be destroyed, but it is the fine bracing exercise, and the opportunity of trying one's courage, that is really of use to the health and mind as well.'

'If the foxes must be destroyed, let the farmers destroy them, or the butchers who perform the same office for the oxen and sheep. You never think of kindly relieving them of their task, although I don't in the least see why you should not just as well assemble to kill the mutton and beef. As to exercise, you can gallop on horseback quite as fast without having a fox in an agony running before you; and for the display or the testing of valor, considering that this world is very full of such things, as, the oppression of the helpless, and the wronging of the innocent, I think some nobler means might be found for the trial of your courage.'

'Miss Grey, it seems extraordinary to hear you talking against what has always been considered quite an honor to England, and peculiar to the country—such a fine manly sport,' said the curate.

'I cannot think it manly to take a pleasure in the torture of a dumb victim; how anyone should find sport in it is beyond my conception. No, Charles, I am certain if you analyse the special charm of fox hunting, you will find it is the intrinsic value of the tail, unless, as I said before, you choose to admit that it is the delight of seeing the unhappy brute killed before your eyes—in which case, if humanity has fallen thus far, the sooner they give up fostering so cruel a taste the better, to my mind.'

'Only you must remember, Miss Grey,' said Aylmer, 'that the same argument applies to all field sports—shooting, fishing, and everything of the kind.'

'Well, I can only say of these as of fox hunting, I do think it degrading to man that he should find his pleasure and amusement in the pain of any created thing. Since they must be put to death, that they may serve as food, let it be done by hired people, as of necessity; but do not let their expiring struggles form the systematic delight of a set of amateur butchers. If only each one of them would make their chosen pursuit in the relief of pain, and the giving of happiness to others, instead of this contrary principle, what a strange bright world this soon might be made.'

FIRE IN THE REAR.

OR, BILL JONES AMONG THE GIRLS.

The following story, contributed by a country friend, to the New Orleans Delta, is too good to be lost, 'though (says the Delta) its raciness may not accord with the exalted tastes of the miss Nannyites, who dress the legs of their tables in frilled pantalettes, and faint over a nude cherub!'

Old Squire Parish was an hospitable old soul. Every Friday evening it was the delight of the girls of the Academy, and the boys of the Schools and College, to go out to old Squire Parish's farm, about six miles from town, and stroll in the woods, bathe in the creek, search the orchard and the hen nests, and turn everything about the premises upside down. And old Squire Parish would sit in his chimney corner, pipe in mouth, and tell them stories about the first settlement of the country, and how 'Old Hickory' whip-

ped the Indians—for the old Squire had been in Jackson's army—and never let the boys off without at least one story about the 'old man,' as the Squire delighted to call the General.

One Saturday, about the middle of the afternoon, Bill Jones,—a wild, harum-scarum young fellow, of some sixteen winters—rode up to the Squire's door, and hailed the house. His summons was answered by that black young rascal Josh, who told Jones that the boys were gone squirrel hunting; 'but you better believe, Mass Bill,' continued Josh, 'that the gals is carrying on high. Why Mass Bill, you can hear 'em squealing up here.' Jones soon learned that the girls had gone to their usual bathing place, which was at the foot of a high precipice, and only approached on that side by a solitary footpath, which was guarded by 'Dinah.' On the other side of the creek, lay a broad sand bank, so that no one could approach it without being seen. Jones had been to the Squire's house so often that he knew all his stories 'by heart,' and it was almost impossible to find the boys in the woods, so he determined to have some fun out of the girls. About a quarter of a mile up the creek lived 'Old Aunt Judy,' and there Jones and his attendant Josh, immediately proceeded. While Josh went to the old woman, and for a 'pence' purchased the largest gourd in her possession, Jones slipped behind the garden and threw off his clothes, then cutting off enough of the handle-end of the gourd to admit his head, and jumped into the stream. So soon as the gourd reached the point above the bathing place, it commenced floating towards the shore until within a few yards of the bathers, when it drifted against a limb which overhung the stream, and lodged. On one rock were three or four swimmers, alternately squatting down and rising up on their heels, and imitating the cry of the bull-frog, and when one would say 'chug,' they would all plunge into the water, frog fashion. At another place they were striving to duck each other; while a third party was leading by force, into the water, a coy damsel, who had been too modest to undress before so many. But Jones's gourd did not long remain unnoticed in the water, and the damsel who espied it, sailed up to it, seized it, and with slight resistance it came off, and disclosed the curly head of Bill Jones, Miss Betsy screamed and the bathers rushed up the bank, and Jones, in his fright and confusion, followed them. Here the girls turned on him, seized him and threw him on his face, twined his arms around a sapling, and having bound his hands with a 'kerchief, Jones lay defenceless in the power of his captors. The girls now leisurely dressed themselves, and then each provided herself with a trim birch or willow rod, and without further ceremony, began applying them to the back, sides, and legs of poor Jones. Jones twisted, and Jones writhed; he drew himself up, and he spread himself out; he begged and he prayed. But in vain. His captors were insensible to pity, until their arms were fatigued, and their rods frayed into ribbons. 'Alas, for poor Jones; he was not yet to escape. His tormentors provided themselves with fresh instruments, and stationed themselves in a row along the footpath from Jones's tree to the water's edge and, and on the rock from which he was to plunge, was posted a stout country lass, whose strength he had often tried in a wrestle, and whose endurance he had often tested in a 'brandance.' At last he was released, and told that he was to run the gauntlet. He could not but comply. Straightening himself up, and drawing a long breath, he started at full speed as he thought; but at every step something touched him that accelerated his motions, and as he was about to take the last final leap, such a blow fell upon his rear, that the sparks flew out of his eyes, and he bounded half ways across the stream at one leap. This rock has been known as 'Jones's Leap, ever since.'

Without stopping to see any more of his fair friends, Jones hastened to Aunt Judy's cottage, dressed himself, gave Josh a thorough kicking, borrowed a sheep skin from Aunt Judy, mounted his horse and rode slowly back into town. And from that day to this, Bill Jones has never shown his face, nor any other part of him, in good old Squire Parish's house, nor the stream that runs by its door.

"DECORUM"

IN THE AMERICAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Of the lower house, here we see two hundred and fifty individuals collected, and as we look down from the height they present a curious spectacle. There is a great sameness both in the features and countenances of the Americans, and a sharp look is common to all, moreover, though a few were remarkably smart (I used the word here as applied to their costume, and not to their mental qualifications); the majority were clothed in the inevitable black silk waistcoat, which I have everywhere noticed, and put their thumbs (when they were not whittling) into the pockets of the said waistcoat just as usual. The noise is generally so overpowering that it is hardly possible to hear a word that proceeds from the mouth, or more properly speaking, the nose, of the orator, who flatters himself that he is addressing the house. It not unfrequently happens that the two or three members rise at once, and in their zeal to hear themselves talk, almost come to blows for the possession of the floor, whilst the noises and cries made by hon. members are wonderful in the extreme. From one